

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE DEVOTED TO ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM. SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

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VOL. V.—NO. 20.

**LIFE WITHOUT AN ATMOSPHERE.**

**WILFRED MONTRESSOR;**  
— OR,  
**THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.**

BOOK SECOND-THE ARREST.

## CHAPTER XX.—THE TARIFF FRANK—TREASURY

As Simonson entered, he perceived in the centre of the circle of smokers, a youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age, attempting to dance a jig to the negro air of "Jim along Josey" while presided by one of the company. Shouts of laughter followed his irregular, reeling movements, and his distorted grimace. The young man had evidently drunk to excess, and was becoming the butt of his associates. He seemed conscious of this, but it was hardly practicable to decide from

"I do 't want your advice," muttered Simonson, gruffly.

leman. But I tell you, sir, if I am any judge of human nature there is something wrong about the other young fellow, Mr. Tracy. He staid behind to parley with the detected gamblers,

It crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there, the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed

He then exclaimed, "O, Johnny, who has broke a pussy to pieces?"

The application of the principle above stated to the phenomena of physical and intellectual revolutions explains them, and the fact that they occur at different periods in different portions of the earth, and that they are also sometimes of universal occurrence over the whole surface of the earth. The present is an era of universal action, as is demonstrated by the commotions among the nations of the two continents, and also the physical disturbance in progress in various quarters of the two hemispheres. "Wars and rumors of wars," have disturbed the quiet of nations over the length and breadth of the continents within the present century and corresponding physical convulsions have disturbed the conditions of the surface and atmosphere. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions have been accompanied by marked climatic changes in various parts of the earth, indicating the effect of the change in the atmosphere produced by the gases thrown into it, by volcanic eruptions and the increased volume of the electric currents flowing into the atmosphere from the moon and the other near planets. To account for all the physical changes that have occurred within the present century, and like changes which have occurred at other periods, it is necessary to understand the effect of different grades of electric elements, upon a planet's surface and atmosphere, which rush in from other planets during active periods; also, the effect of the volcanic gases upon an atmosphere partially stagnated for want of appropriate action within it. Atmospheric action is only stimulated by intermingling with the atmosphere volumes of gases which flow from volcanic craters, or from mineral beds on the surface of the planet, or from other planets. Such gases circulate in currents from planet to planet, these causing planets to act reciprocally upon each other to promote each other's progress. Earth's electric forces stimulate the Moon, and *vice versa*.

Universal stimulations are felt throughout an entire system of planets, being propagated from one planet to another, and, in time, throughout the universe.

Nature's most beneficent action is often mani-





## Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1869.

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torial Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S.  
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The Pen is Mightier than the Sword.

BLIND TOM, THE MUSICAL PRODIGY.  
THE CAUSE OF HIS WONDERFUL  
POWERS.

"Blind Tom," how our souls chords vibrate when we think of your strange, musical power! Why should they? To him, there is music in all things; and from whatever source arising, never fails to attract the attention of his mind. He is emphatically a child of Nature, whose organism is so delicately attuned that he understands her *voice* of language, and responds thereto, not in words, but in music, the thrilling tones of which never fail to interest. Deity, in this single instance, selected the dusky African wherein to exhibit the power of music, and most beautifully does he perform the task assigned him.

Tom was born in the State of Georgia, on the 25th of May, 1849. His parents were common field-hands of the pure negro blood, with nothing to distinguish them from the mass of that race, except that the mother, a small woman of fine form, is of an active, merry temperament, and quick in her movements.

He was born blind, and the utter imbecility that characterized him for a long time, made many think that he was idiotic as well as blind.

He could give expression to words long before he learned to attach any meaning to them. His pronunciation was very distinct, and seemed to be automatic, rather than arising from his inward intelligence.

From a small pamphlet, we have before us, containing his early history, we learn that the first effort to teach him was made one evening when the family was at supper, (Tom, as usual at meal times, being present,) when his owner upon being informed that his mother, as an excuse for not teaching him anything, had said he had not sense enough to learn anything, replied, "That is a mistake. A horse or a dog may be taught almost anything, provided you always use precisely the same terms to express the same idea. Show him what you mean and have patience to repeat it often enough. Tom has as much sense as a horse or a dog, and I will show you that he can be taught." He thereupon arose from the table, and approaching Tom, said to him, "Tom sit down." Tom, of course, was expected to stand still and repeated the words. He repeated the order and sat him down upon the floor. He then said to him, "Tom, get up." Tom sat still and repeated the order. He then repeated the order and lifted Tom to his feet. He then ordered Tom to sit down, which he did promptly—to get up, and he sprang to his feet. From that time there was matter of new interest about Tom. Everybody began to teach him something. It was soon discovered that he forgot nothing. Presently he knew the names of objects, one after another, till him the name of each as you presented it, he would put his hand upon it, smell of it and pronounce its name; then present them in any order you pleased, and, after feeling and smelling of each as it was presented, he would without fail, give its appropriate name. It was astonishing and interesting to test and to witness the exercise of this power, and in consequence, Tom speedily learned to distinguish many things and call them by name.

He was perfectly delighted by cries of pain. When his mother whipped any of the older children he would laugh and caper, and rub his hands in an ecstasy of enjoyment, and soon would be found whipping himself, and repeating the words of the mother and the cries of the child. He enjoyed so highly the crying of children that he would inflict pain upon them, for the pleasure of hearing their cry; and a constant watch had to be kept on him when he was about younger children. He once choked a younger brother nearly to death, and at another time burnt his infant sister so badly as to produce fears of a fatal result. To this day an exclamation of ex-  
pression indicative of pain gives him great pleasure; and though he will express sympathy for the sufferer, and prescribe remedies for his relief, he cannot restrain his expressions of pleasure. Doubtless it is the strength and the intensity of expression given to sounds produced by pain, that afford the enjoyment.

He was extremely fond of churning, doing all that kind of work for the family, seeming to regard it as a great pleasure. He was very fond of out-door exercise, his peculiar gyrations not only seeming to interest himself but many others. His parents indulged him in this on account of the trouble he created in the house, by dragging chains, rattling dishes, beating tin pans, and in order to vary his amusement for music, he would pinch the baby to make it cry.

He exhibited his wonderful musical powers before he was two years old. His voice was then, strong, soft and melodious. If the reader will now follow us in our remarks, we will explain this wonderful prodigy. A snow-flake from the surging cloud, a rain-drop from the mist-habors, is emblematic of the offshoots of the great "I am." Man is simply the pulsation of God in matter. You cannot separate God from anything, for he is infinite. The tiny flower that sends forth a sweet fragrance, the majestic oak, the shrub, every thing, great and small, are only the result of

the pulsations of God in matter. In all the manifestations of God, we see no repetition. No two flowers alike, no two trees of the forest are exactly similar; no two things anywhere are alike in all respects. God, in those beautiful pulsations in matter, whether to give expression to the flower, oak, monkey or man, never arrives at precisely the same results in all respects. No two men are exactly alike, and we will, as we advance in knowledge, find the works of God still more varied in character, and wonderful in their peculiar manifestations of power.

Man is cosmopolitan in his structure; he is a microcosm of the universe, for in him are blended in harmonious action all the constituent parts of the earth and its surroundings. Being the pulsation of God in matter, he must necessarily have all the characteristics that he possesses, though in a finite degree. In those beautiful pulsations of God in matter, his infinite nature is demonstrated. Were two men, two plants, or two anything, exactly alike, it would be an argument against the infinity of God.

When contemplating this question, so grand, so beautiful, so majestic in all its peculiar manifestations, we feel how inadequate our perceptions, how futile all our endeavors to comprehend the true nature of the Infinite. Deity everywhere! In the tower with its heaven distill fragrance, in the dew drop that nestles in its bosom awaiting the approach of morn, for a ray of light to climb upward and perform its daily cycles, in the high, the low—everywhere—we find the manifestations of the "Great I am." His pulsations are constantly going on for ceaseless activity is one of the pre-requisites of the Infinite. In those pulsations, as we remarked before, the results are always different for God can only sustain his infinity by the varied character of his works. Find an example where two of God's pulsations are exactly the same, and we will demonstrate to you that he is not infinite in his capabilities.

God, in the creation of man, the result of his pulsations, only gives expression to certain characteristics which he himself possesses. In those pulsations, he is *in rapport* with matter, and will ever continue to be *in rapport* with their results, man, when certain conditions are obeyed. In those pulsations of Deity, certain chords of the human mind are highly attuned, and they are always *in rapport* with like chords of the Deity, and respond thereto often giving expression to something wonderful. Thus, you tune a string of the violin, to a certain key of the piano, and place it some distance from the latter, and you will invariably find that when ever the key of the piano is struck, the string of the violin will respond thereto, in delicate, tremulous tones.

We here unlock the mystic store-house of knowledge, to enter therein and read from its pages the wonderful works of the Infinite. We pause at the threshold, for the inconceivable splendor of infinite knowledge bursts in upon our enraptured vision. Our Spirit guide says, "Be bold and fearless, and we will unlock to you the grand mystery which has hovered over your mind like a dark cloud." In panoramic style, there passed before our enraptured vision, kingdoms, empires and republics, with the representative men therein, their rise, progress and final destiny.

The world,—with all its animation and life, was before me, and I found to my astonishment that its movements taken all together was the harmonious action of Deity, and what I once esteemed as discord, when united with the grand whole and its onward progress, was productive of the harmony that existed. My mind seemed to expand at the thought that in the beautiful march of progression, all things taken together constituted the most perfect harmony. But says my Spirit guide, do you catch the idea I intend to convey? Look at that ancient sage standing on yonder eminence, his locks silver white, his eyes brilliant from the rare genius of knowledge that glitters within, his countenance expressive of modesty, yet beaming with dignity, his whole nature constantly responding to the calls made upon it by every thing with which it is in harmony—how towering, how majestic, how noble! Look in another direction and observe another personage equally as grand in all those attributes that distinguish the pure, the high, the noble. Their minds are *in rapport* with each other, and they in turn, *in rapport* with the definite elements of all things. They hold conversation with each other though many miles apart—and why? Their minds are attuned nearly alike.—The master musician had touched their respective chords, and when one vibrates, its counterpart responds thereto, the same as the violin string would when tuned to that of a certain key on the piano. Here we leave you, says our Spirit guide; you will now solve the mystery that cloud-like has existed in your mind, in relation to Blind Tom.

We grasped intuitively, the lesson taught. Harmony in all things taken together! Sweet music in the grand procession of events from time into eternity! A song of love and praise in the majestic tread of the countless number of earth's children, as they are brought into existence through the pulsation of God in matter, and carried along on the trails of time to a purer and better home!

But what about Blind Tom, the mystery, the prodigy, the wonder of the nineteenth century? Yes, what of him? We saw him at Library Hall, a strange, weird creature, a beautiful link in the chain of humanity, an element of harmony in the universe of God! Blind Tom! you, too, are simply the pulsation of God in matter, with your soul chords so attuned that they are brought *in rapport* with Beethoven, Mozart, and like chords of the Deity Himself. You feel the effects of Beethoven's experience, who always accompany you, besides, at times, many others, whose soul-chords are in harmony with your own. You are the violin string, as it were, tuned to those delicate minds that existed long ago, and when they are moved, you feel instantly the effects thereof.

It is not true that Blind Tom's physical or-

ganization is taken possession of by Beethoven, or any other spirit, but he is acted upon by him and many others who are *in rapport* with him, and who add great power to the "music box" of his soul, compelling him to do many things that are foreign to himself.

Perhaps no prodigy in the world's history has attracted the attention of musical critics, and in fact, the masses of the people in general, to the extent that Blind Tom has. His black skin, uncouth appearance and sightless eyes, seem to be no obstacle in the way of the "Spirit of Music" manifesting its transcendental qualities. He seems to play from a spontaneous influence within him that he could not well resist, if he would.

In his actions, he is very eccentric, yet is very easily managed. Three eccentricities, of course, owe their origin to something, either within himself, or an influence outside, over which he has no control. He is in the habit of cheering himself at the conclusion of all his pieces, and in so doing, naturally recognizes the power of the wonderful influence that surrounds him. This cheering on his part, is a recognition of the services of a power outside of himself, and which is always anxious to be known, whenever present.

When speaking, he manifests the same peculiarity, as when he cheers, recognizing the fact that some one is with him, to whose power and influence, he would not be unaided. He always speaks of himself in the third person, and never in the first. Why this? The reason is obvious to any thinking mind. The power that assists him, that is brought *in rapport* with him, demands recognition, and therefore so direct its influence that he is compelled to speak of himself in the third person.

## THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

If each one of our friends would set themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL for three months at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH; a large percent of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill up your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each, of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

## SPIRITUALISM DEFINED.

The American Association of Spiritualists at Rochester, gave a very worthy definition of what they conceived to be Spiritualism. Brother William Shaw of Goodwin, informs us that one of our twenty five cents, three months' trial subscribers, is much more laconic in his definition. He says:

"Spiritualism is the Devil, and I will not have his (the Devil's) advice, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in my house."

To please him, we discontinue it. His definition has one decided advantage over that of the American Association of Spiritualists. It is laconic. The Devil, in the theological sense, being superior to God, is not a bad definition, for a o expressed so freely. If he had compared it with God, and said:

"Spiritualism is God and the Devil," he would have been quite right. To define infinite, would be equivalent to defining Spiritualism.

## PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

It gives us pleasure to announce to our readers that we have made arrangements with brother Benjamin Todd, to become a regular correspondent of a new department in our JOURNAL, to be known as the PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

Brother Todd is well and favorably known in the States, and no less so in California, Oregon and Washington Territory. The beautiful paper which he edited so ably, in part at San Francisco, the BANNER OF PROGRESS, demonstrated the fact that he is fully competent for the task of writing articles sustaining, as well as in defence of Spiritualism. His peculiar faculty of gathering and presenting interesting incidents, will make his department very valuable. Our readers will, we feel confident, rejoice to learn of this new enterprise, and will hail with pleasure, the advent of brother Todd's first contribution.

## DR. RANDOLPH.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, the celebrated Clairvoyant and Seer, passed through Chicago on Monday last, on his return to Boston, via Washington and New York.

He leaves behind him a host of warm friends, whose well-wishes will follow him wherever he may go.

He will resume his medical practice on his return home. His treatment for Nervous Diseases can not be excelled.

## PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

We are happy to learn from brother R. Bolton that a society has been organized at Peoria, of which Dr. Couch is Chairman, Mrs. Armstrong, Treasurer, and R. Bolton, Secretary.

Their prospects are good, and they would be happy to have mediums and lecturers call upon them.

See advertisement of Gold and Silver Mining Company. We shall refer more particularly to it in our next.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the wonderful "Magic Comb."

## DR. RANDOLPH'S DEATH.

It is very seldom a man has the pleasure of reading his own obituary, yet the above named gentleman certainly has.

The Chicago Journal, of Jan. 12th, and fifty other papers, have announced his murder, arrest and confession of his slayer, yet all this while the slain man was enjoying a perfect clover life with his friend Hon. F. B. Dow, and Mr. Robert Neely, in Davenport, Iowa, and recently passed through Chicago on his way home to Boston, via Washington and New York.

The fact is, the Dr. can't be spared yet, his work is not done; besides which, it is currently reported that he has recently "struck it" in Ill., and therefore hasn't time to die at present. Address him at Boston, Mass.

## MR. FRENCH AT LIBRARY HALL.

Mr. French delivered his third series of lectures at Library Hall on last Sunday, January, 24th. And on next Sunday he delivers his fourth and last series, morning and evening, of his present engagement.

His audiences have been good and his sojourn and acquaintance in this city have been of the most pleasant and profitable character. He desires any further engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists at present, "feeling the necessity of extending his labors over a wider field in behalf of the American Association of Spiritualists."

From here he goes to spend a few month's labor in Michigan; after which he expects to extend his labors farther westward.

## MR. TODD.

The above-named brother will take notice that his remittance from Grass Valley, California, of the ninth of January, was duly received, and credited to the parties named.

## Literary Notices.

We have received "Vick's Illustrated Outline for the Flower Garden, and Catalogue of Seeds," for 1869, and we assure our readers that it is a book that should be in the hands of every person who has a rod of ground which he desires to improve or ornament. It contains an accurate description of the leading floral treasures of the world, with plain and full directions for sowing seed, transplanting, and after culture.

It is illustrated with numerous engravings, enabling the reader to judge of the beauty of certain plants.

For Catalogue, or further particulars, address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

The Trance and Correlative Phenomena, by Leroy Sunderland. Published by James Walker, at the office of the *Liberal*, Chicago, Illinois.

The title of this book gives the reader but little idea of what the work itself contains. Spiritualists, as well as most other readers, would suppose by the title, that the work was designed to illustrate or throw some light upon that peculiar phenomena in nature which is at the present time agitating thought throughout the whole civilized world. Instead of which, however, Mr. Sunderland leaves the subject quite as much in the dark as it was before he committed his thoughts to paper. Indeed, it is apparent that the author is one of those men who "out Herod, Herod." In other words, Mr. Sunderland is so affected with Pathos, his particular hobby in this book and elsewhere, that he overlooks all modern Spiritual phenomena which proves or disproves the truthfulness of theories, judging every presentation in the science of mind by his standard adopted twenty, more or less, years ago.

Indeed, so prominent is this trait in Mr. Sunderland's character as an author, that no inconsiderable portion of his book consists of his own statements and newspaper articles in reference to his experiments in Pathos, published nearly twenty years ago.

His theories in regard to the trance and psychological control of mind over mind, as well as magnetic influence of the positive over the negative, have been exploded by practical experiments daily, during the last fifteen years, in all parts of America, Great Britain, and upon the continent of Europe.

It would seem from reading this book that the author has given it a title admirably adapted to catch the eye of the best thinkers of the present age, the mind being everywhere agitated upon the subject of Trance—and thus get purchasers for the book.

We take no exceptions to this method of financing, as much good will grow out of it. The most casual reader will be benefited by it. He will see that the peculiar condition of the system, called Trance, the phenomena of the power of mind upon mind; the efficacy of magnetism as a healing agent; the existence of the positive and negative forces throughout the universe, are all realities, as yet but little understood, it is true, but all will become more apparent to the reader, after having perused Mr. Sunderland's book.

His arguments against the commonly received theories of Spiritualists, while they have so weight of themselves, aid the mind in discovering the truth of the subject on which he writes. His explanations of many subjects, or rather definitions of physical used in defining peculiar mental and physical conditions, in many instances, are good.

Mr. Sunderland, in the early stages of the most recent and remarkable developments of mentality, and spiritual phenomena, was a close student, but like many other minds he adopted a theory, and clings to it with such a tenacity, that he overlooks or ignores all evidence that militates against his preconceived opinions, an unfortunate, but a very common occurrence.

Mr. Sunderland relates a great many incidents that have transpired within his observation, which are very remarkable. That he formerly was, and for ought we know, is a very powerful psychologist, and that there is much truth in what he says in many of his positions, we have

no reason to doubt. His reason for the phenomena that he induced or was instrumental in developing, is to him of no much importance, that he does not for a moment lose sight of it. Pathos, although suggested by another, is an adopted child upon which he loves to bestow his choicest caresses. Well, be it so, it is the child of his manhood, and the beloved of his old age.

His book is worth all it costs. It consists of over four hundred pages of closely printed matter, in small type, neatly executed in every particular, and will be forwarded from this office, by mail, on receipt of \$1.50, free of postage. Address S. S. Jones, 94 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

## Personal and Local.

D. W. Hall's address is care of PRESENT, Kalamazoo, Michigan, during February.

E. V. Wilson is engaged to lecture in Syracuse during February. All letters should be addressed to him at that place for the time being.

The OHIO SPIRITUALIST has changed its name to the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

Walt. Whitman is gasping again, and threatens to throw up some more of his poetry.

Alexander H. Stevens is in feeble health, and his physicians think he cannot live long.

Henry Ward Beecher is to contribute to the *Advocate*.

Jeff Davis and family will pass the winter in the south of France.

T. S. Arthur, the moral-novel writer, was noted as a dull boy. He is 60 years old.

An effort is on the tapis to establish a boulevard around the city of Chicago. It is proposed to make this boulevard from 600 to 1,000 feet wide. The length would be about 15 miles, and the area required from 1,300 to 2,000 acres. A strip of 300 feet wide might be reserved for building lots, the sale of which would greatly reduce the expense of constructing the enterprise.

## Amusements.

The Grand Duchess at Crosby's Opera House, with the youthful and beautiful Sallie Holman, as the Grand Duchess, has been a grand success.

One of our city contemporaries very aptly remarks that "the Opera has been very well received."

The audiences were large and very enthusiastic and the troupe made an unusually favorable impression, if we may judge anything from the success, which were very frequent and persistent. The pretty little Duchess, with her fresh voice, and Fritz with his really admirable singing, established themselves as unmistakable favorites. The season has been inaugurated with a decided popular, if not critical success.

Messrs. C. D. Hess and Co., with much pleasure announce the first and only appearance (since her return from Europe) of the world renowned American Prima Donna, Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, in three Grand Concerts, (only) Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, at Crosby's Opera House.

In order to make these concerts the most brilliant and varied ever given in Chicago, the management have engaged the very eminent, Piano Virtuoso, Mlle. Adèle Topp, who, with Signor Lotti, Primo Tenor; Signor Petrelli, Primo Baritone; Herr Kopia, Violinist, and Signor Stefanoni, Musical Director, will assist Clara Louisa Kellogg, in their extraordinary concert.

Admission, \$1; Reserved Seats, \$1.50; Seats in Boxes, \$2; Gallery, 50 cents.

The "Kellogg Ticket Office" will be at the Box Office of the Opera House, where the sale of seats for either Concert will commence Thursday, Jan. 28, at 9 A. M.

On Monday evening, January the 25th Inst. Mrs. Sept. Siddons made her debut at McVicker's Theatre in the role of Juliet, with a large audience in attendance. Mrs. Siddons's name has been so prominent before the dramatic world during the past few months that her debut is invested with more than ordinary interest. In personal beauty and presence, no woman on the stage can compare with her, and the charm of that beauty is so great that it would atone for a world of shortcomings. Her features are exquisitely moulded, her form symmetrical, her attitudes and poses full of languishing grace while the wealth of her dark brown hair alone would be a treasure to any actress. Like the maiden in the song, "She is young, she is beautiful," and it would be much easier to criticize her with closed eyes, than with open ones.

Her success is unequivocal, and she received the hearty applause of her audiences. Her engagement is for two weeks; during which time she is to appear in a variety of roles. We beg leave to commend the management upon their good luck in securing this admirable and gifted artist.

"Cyril's Success" has been a real success in every respect at Alken's Dearborn Theatre. It was played each night to a large and delighted audience. The play itself is good, in fact one of the author's best productions. In addition, it has been put upon the stage with excellent taste and judgment, so that even if the play were not the admirable one it is, there would still be sufficient attraction for the public. The parts are well cast and the cast is good. Mrs. D. R. Allen (Mrs. Cutbert) never looked better.

It is to be kept on the boards during this week when we expect it will give place to the elegant comedy of "Working the Oracle." With new scenery and appointments.

This is one of the finest theatres, not only in Chicago, but in America; and in addition to the usual conveniences of a first-class establishment, will be found a cloak and hat room, where articles may be checked, free of charge.









